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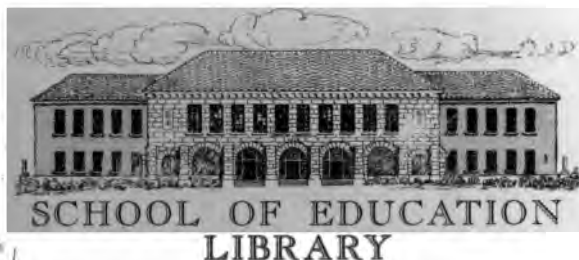


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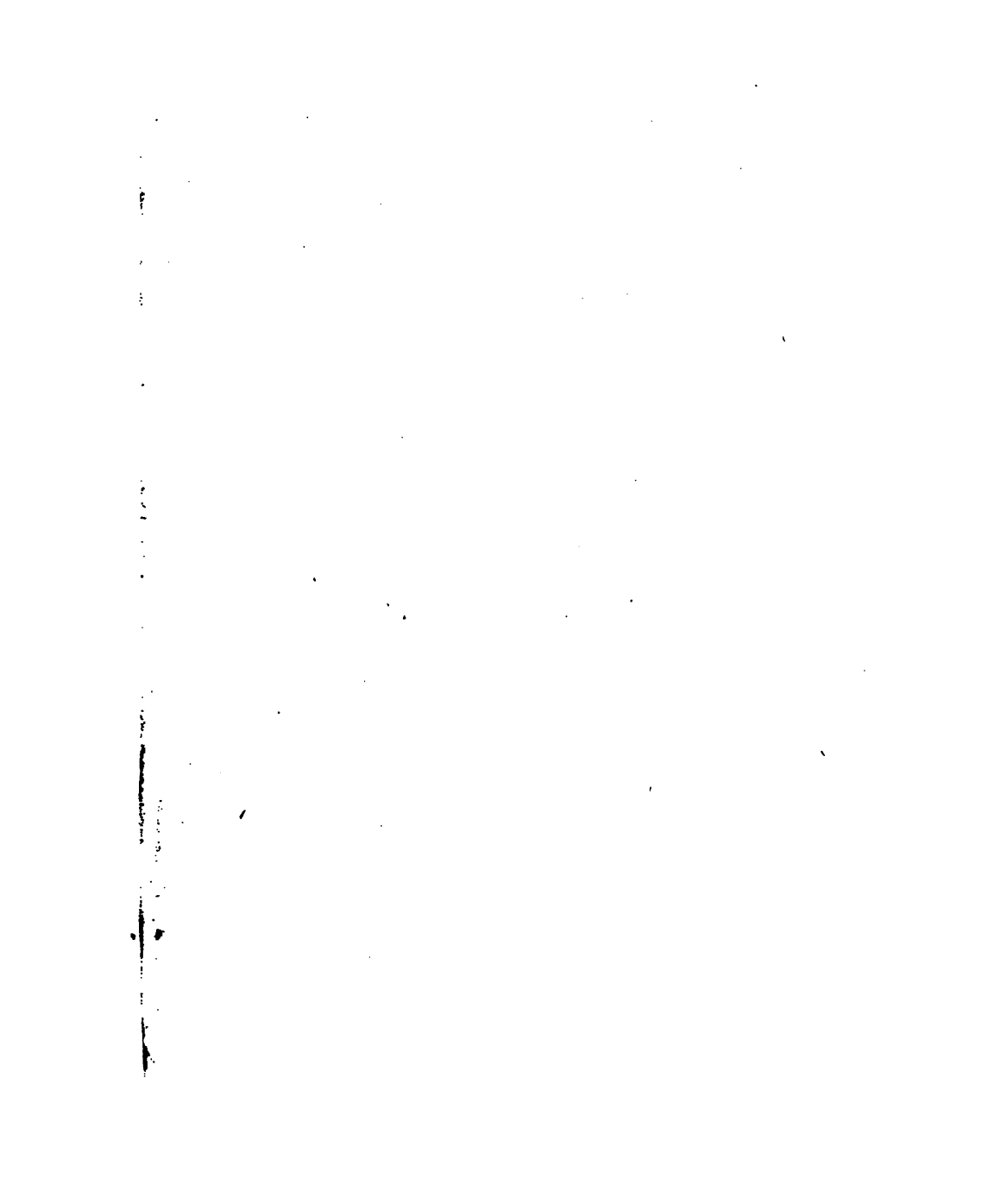
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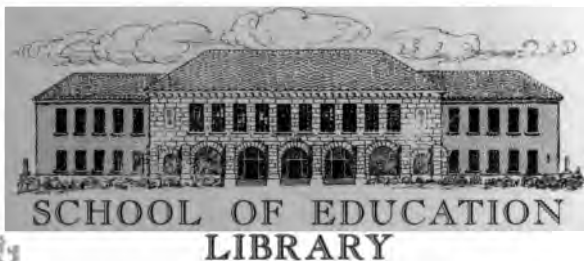


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THE STORY
OF
ULYSSES

FOR
YOUNGEST READERS
by
E. Norris

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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ULYSSES.



STORY OF ULYSSES.

Once upon a time a king was holding a great feast.

A strange guest appeared at the feast.

He had just come from the sea.

But no one knew who he was.

“I have been shipwrecked on your shore,” he said. “Will you allow one

of your ships to carry me to my home?"



“We are always glad to help all who need our help,” the king said.

“And while the ship is being made ready, come and join our feast.”

The strange guest was very tall and strong.

He towered above every other brave man at the feast.

“Who can he be?” everybody whispered.

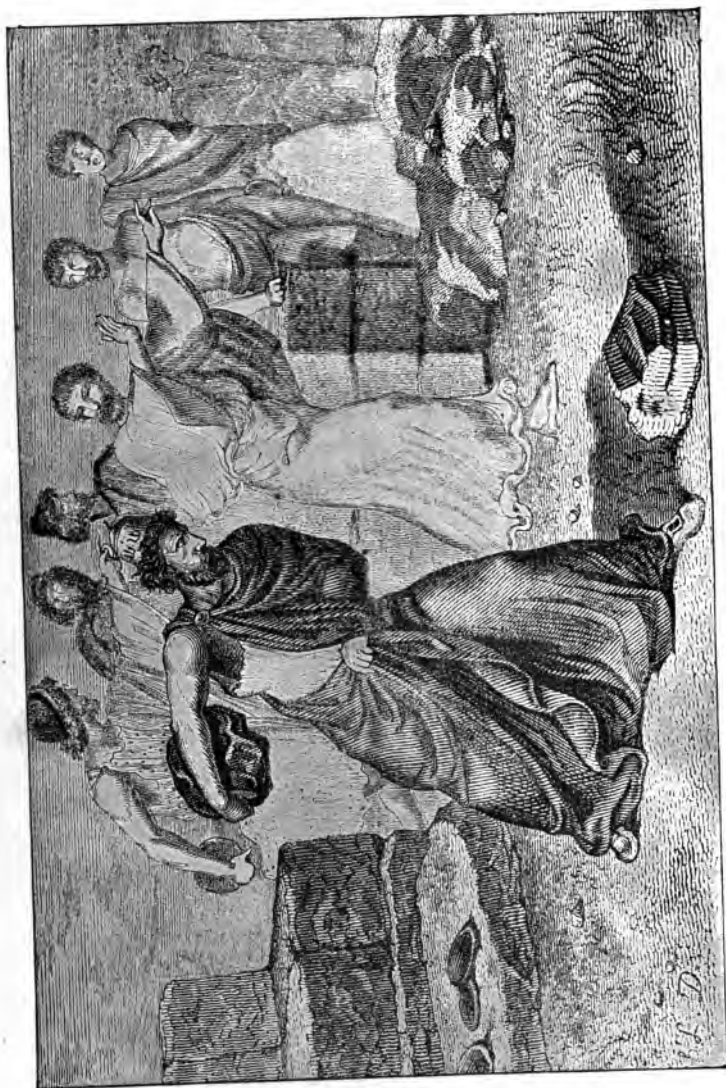
By and by, the people all arose from the feast.

They were ready now for the games.

They would now run races and test each other's strength in all kinds of games.

The strange guest watched the games, but he took no part.

“Come and wrestle with us,” said



one of the youths to the strange guest.

“Thank you, but I fear I am too old,” the guest said.

Then the youth laughed at the guest.

“He is no hero,” the youth said; “see, he dares not come and play with us.”

Then the strange guest’s brow grew black.

He was very angry.

“Foolish youth!” he said.

And as he said those words, he strode into the center of the throng.

He caught up a great rock.

He threw it with all his might. It went crashing and tearing down a hill.

All the youths were struck with fear.
Who could the stranger be!

“Well done!” cried the king, “you are the hero of the day!”

“Young men,” said the stranger, “I challenge any one of you. I will throw another great rock. It shall be twice as big as this first. Or, if you like boxing and wrestling better, I will box and wrestle with any one of you.”

But not one of the youths dared box or wrestle with the strange guest.

So they made him presents, and the king said: “All hail! our unknown guest. He is the hero. He has won all the prizes of the day.”



THE GUEST'S NAME.

Then the people all went back to the feast.

“Do not think we are cowards, good friend,” said the king to the guest.

“And do not think we excel in nothing.

“Indeed we care not so much for feats of strength; but we do care

greatly for dancing and song and the music of the harp.

“But above all we are proud of our ships.

“Our ships are most wonderful.

“No country in all the world has such ships.

“Our ships can think. They have minds like people.

“They can steer themselves across the sea. They need no pilot.

“They go out always on errands of mercy.

“When old Neptune rages, our ships go out to save the wrecked ones.

“But there is an old prophecy about our ships. Sometimes it makes me very sad.

“The prophecy is this: ‘Some time one of these ships shall be turned into a stone and shall stand forever out in mid-ocean.’”

The old king grew very sad as he said this.

All the youths grew very quiet.

Then the king said, “Now, good friend, tell us who you are? Whence you have come, and whither you go?”

Then the guest arose.

“I am Ulysses,” he said.

“I am the hero who fought in the Trojan War.

“You have all heard of the Trojan War.

“You know how many years we fought.

“You know how at last we took the city.

“I am the Ulysses that fought in that great war.

“I am returning now from the war.

“For years I have been driven up and down the sea, trying to reach my home.

“Old Neptune is angry with me and

means to keep me from reaching home.

“That is why I was wrecked off your coast.”

“O Ulysses,” the king cried, “you are our most honored guest.

Come and sit beside me, and tell us the story of your wanderings on the sea.”

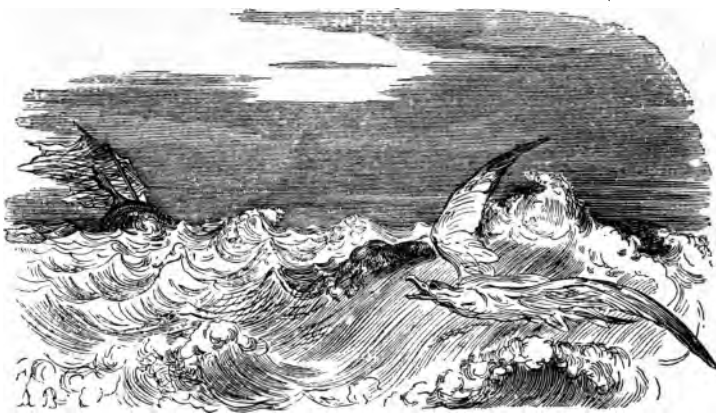
Then they gathered all the people into the banquet hall, and Ulysses began to tell his story.

This is what he said:





NEPTUNE.



THE LOTUS EATERS.

From the very first, old Neptune
has been against us.

Hence we have wandered so long.

First of all, Neptune sent a great
wind.

It drove our little ships upon the
barren shores of an island.

We landed on the island and sent
three of our men inland.

We wished to know what kind of people lived upon the island.

The rest of us waited on the shore; we waited days and days.

The three men did not come back.

Then we all went to find them.

Perhaps they had been eaten up by wild animals.

Perhaps they had fallen into the hands of giants.

We did not know.

So we crept very softly in from the shore.

By and by we came to a beautiful grove.

There were tables spread in the grove for feasting.

People were lying on flowery banks.

They seemed very idle and happy.

They were eating and drinking and laughing with each other.

Among them were our three men.

The people saw us and invited us to come and feast, too.

“Come and eat the fruit of the Lotus tree,” they said.

“It is the only food we have here.

“It is both food and drink.

“We need nothing in all the world but this fruit.

“So we eat and sing and laugh all day long.”

We thanked the people for their kindness and sat down at the feast.

I was just about to taste of the fruit, for I was hungry and thirsty.

But I happened to look across at my three companions, who had come first into the grove of the Lotus Eaters.

There was a strange look in their eyes.

They did not look like themselves.

Something had changed them.

Then I spoke to them.

“O, do not trouble us,” they said.

“Let us alone. Let us eat and drink and stay here forever.”

Then I turned to the men who had come with me, and said:

“Eat not of this Lotus fruit. It is magic fruit. It will do us harm.”

Then, to the three men I said:

“Arouse you! You are sleeping! Have you forgotten your homes?

“Have you forgotten the wives and children that are waiting for you?

“Have you forgotten that it is our duty to reach our home?”

But the three men only yawned and said, “O don’t trouble us! Don’t trouble us!”

And the king of the Lotus Eaters
laughed.

“Do you know,” he said, “that those
who eat of the Lotus tree never again
see home or family?”

“Do you not know that they will
live here contented to sleep and dream
forever?”

Then I with my companions arose
and hurried away.

But first we seized the three men.

We dragged them out of the grove.

We dragged them on ship board.

Then a strange thing happened.

As soon as their feet touched the
ship, the spell was broken.

They were awake again.

Then we took our oars and rowed
away as fast as we could.

All day long we rowed.



Then we reached a beautiful harbor.

We landed again and hunted game.

Then we feasted and rested for a
day and set out upon the ocean again.





POLYPHEMUS.

All night long we sailed.

Towards morning I heard the sound
of herds.

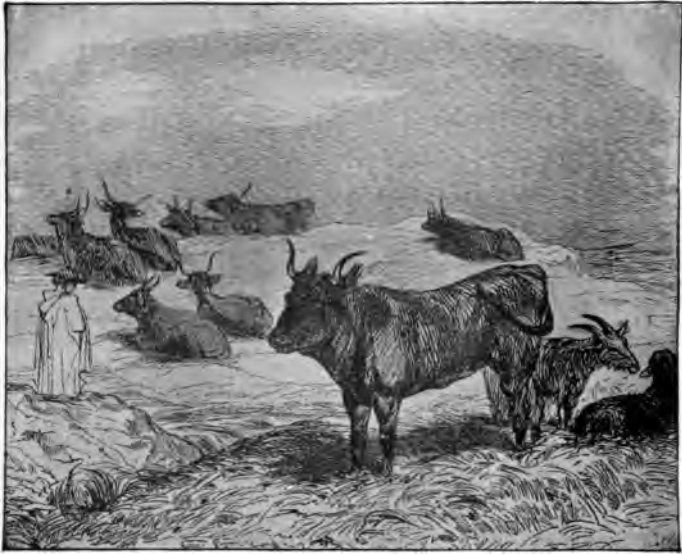
I knew we were near some shore.

I called my companions and bade
them wait just there.

Then with a few, I went on shore to
explore.

The first thing we saw was a great cave.

It was dark and lonely.



Wild laurel was growing all over it.

We could hardly see the door.

Near by, a great herd of sheep and goats were sleeping.

They lay sleeping beside a great hill.

We stood looking at the herd.

We were just getting ready to aim our arrows at them.

Just then the great hill moved.

“It is the wind stirring the branches of the trees,” I thought.

But no! the whole hill turned over.

The shaggy branches nodded, and a wonderful sight met our astonished eyes.

The hill was a giant.

What I had thought were branches, was the giant's coarse, shaggy hair.

The giant had one eye only.

That was in the middle of his forehead.



His breathing was like the rolling of distant thunder.

“Let us go back to our ships,” my companions said.

But I would not fly from danger.

“I shall go to this giant,” I said.

“Let all who dare, follow me.”

All the men followed me, and we
went first to the giant's cave

There lay more flocks sleeping.

The old sheep lay by themselves.

The old goats by themselves.

The smaller lambs by themselves;
and the lambkins and kids were most
cared for.

“This giant is surely careful of his
flocks,” I said.

Perhaps he will be kind to us.

Then we looked around the cave.

Everything was in order.

There were cheeses on the shelves.

There were pans of sweet milk.

The empty pans were all sweet and clean.

All this time my companions begged me to go back to the ships.

Alas, I did not heed their fears.

It would have been better if I had.

We were hungry; so we eat the cheeses and drank the milk.

Suddenly the cave grew dark.

We looked to see if the sun had set.

But no; it was the giant's great shadow.

There he stood in front of the cave.

On his back was a whole forest of *trees.*

These he threw down with an awful crash.

It made the whole cave shake.

We ran to hide ourselves in the dark corners of the cave.

He did not see us.

He drove in more herds; then rolled a great rock up against the door of the cave.

Now we were prisoners. We could not get out if we would.

So we crouched down in the dark corners and waited.

This was all we could do.

The giant then went about his work.

He milked the goats.

He prepared rows of cheeses.

He laid aside the creamy milk.

And now his work was done.

Then he built a great fire, and began
to prepare his supper.

The fire lighted up the whole cave.

Even the corners were lighted, and
then the one-eyed giant discovered us.

“Who are you?” he roared.

His voice was like thunder.

“Sea-robbers!” he howled.

“You have come to take the life
of others.

Look to it that you do not lose your own instead."

"We are not sea robbers," said I.

"We are the old Greek heroes, and we are returning from Troy.

"Storms have driven us upon your island.

"Only give us food; that is all we ask. Then we shall be glad to go away."

The great giant only roared with laughter.

He reached out towards one of my companions, took him up in his hand, and dropped him down his great throat.

“A very good morsel!” he said.

“Two of you will make me a full meal.

“How many are there of you?

“How long will you last if I eat two of you at each meal?”

Then the giant roared again with laughter.

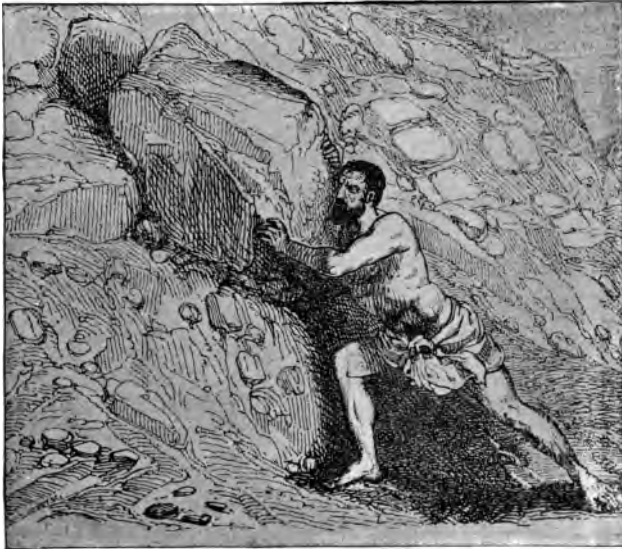
His roaring made the cave tremble.

Then he stretched himself out on the floor of the cave and went to sleep.

“We will kill him while he sleeps,” said one of my companions.

“That will not do,” I said, “for how could we get out of the cave?”

“No one could roll back the great rock at the door.”



There we lay all night planning
what we could do to get away.

Morning came.

The giant awoke.

Again he milked the goats and prepared his breakfast.

Then, when all was ready, he looked around at us.

There we were hiding in the corners.

He said not a word.

But again he picked up two of my men and swallowed them down.

He said nothing, but drove out his flocks and closed the door upon us.

All day long we sat in the dark cave.

“I see but one way to save our lives,”
I said to the men.

Then I told them a plan I had, and

they each one promised to help me.

At night the giant came back.

Again he milked his goats and made his cheeses.

Again he built his fire and ate his supper.

Nor did he forget to swallow two more of my little company.

Then I went up to the giant with a golden goblet of wine.

“Polyphemus,” I said, “drink this wine. It is charmed wine. Our ships are laden with it.

“Drink it, but promise me you will let us who are left go back to our land.”

“Who are you?” the giant cried.

“I am No Man,” I said; for I did mean to tell him who I was.”

“Then you shall be rewarded, Man,” the giant said.

“This is the sweetest wine I ever drank.”

“What shall my reward be?” I asked.

“You shall be the very last of your little company that I will eat,” he said.

Then he roared again with laughter.

But the wine had already made him sleepy.

So he stretched himself out upon the cavern floor.

We waited till he was sound asleep.

Then we fell upon him to put out his one eye, so that he could not see us.

“Help, help!” he roared.

“What is the matter?” the other giants on the island roared back.

“No Man is killing me! No Man is killing me!” he shouted.

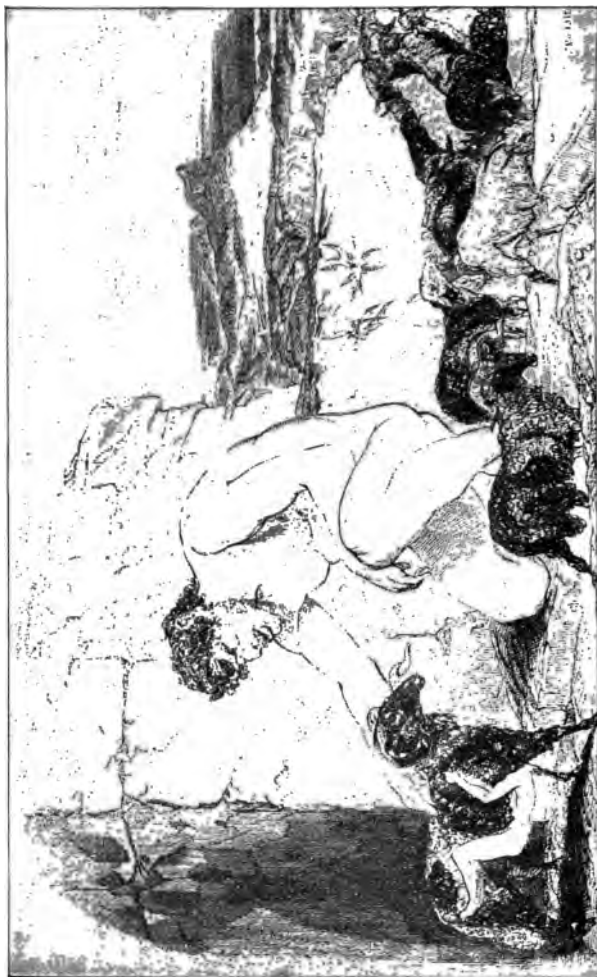
“Keep still, Polyphemus,” roared the giants again.

“If no man is killing you, then why disturb us in our sleep.”

Polyphemus roared and raged.

He groped around for us.

He threw the great door open.



“Not one of you shall escape!” he roared.

“For I will guard this door forever!”
But we had planned for this.

Already we had tied the goats and sheeps in threes. Then under these we crept and clung to their long wool.

When the door had opened, the flocks had arisen and crowded towards the door.

There Polyphemus stood, his arms outstretched.

He touched each one of the flock as it passed out lest we should escape.

But little did he suspect we were hidden beneath those very sheep!

In this way we escaped, and ran back to our ships.

How glad our companions were to see us!

They had been afraid some terrible fate had overtaken us.

“No time for words,” I said. “Every man to his oar! Quick, let us lose no time!”

Polyphemus heard the noise of the oars. A terrible roar told of his rage at our escape.

Blinded, as he was, he could not tell in which direction we were.

So when he hurled the great door of

his cave to destroy us, it fell harmlessly into the sea.

So we escaped once more from a cruel fate.



What will be our next danger? I wondered. Away we sailed again on the bright blue sea.



ÆOLUS, THE WIND-KEEPER.



STORY OF THE WIND- KEEPER.

The next day we sailed out across
the sea.

We sailed until we came to a strange
looking island.

It lay in the middle of the sea.

All around it was a wall of shining
grass.

No one could break that wall, so
strongly was it built.

On that island King Æolus dwelt.

Æolus is the keeper of the winds.

With him dwells his six fair
daughters and his six strong sons.

All day long they feast and sing.

Their song echoes out across the sea.

King Æolus was glad to see us.

We rested on his island for four
happy weeks.

All that time we feasted and told
wonderful stories.

To the king I told the story of the
Trojan War.

Then I said, "Good king, we must
set forth again upon our journey."

He was grieved to have us go, but he did not detain us.

He loaded us with gifts and sent us away.

One gift was a most strange one.

It was a leather bag.

It was tied with a silver cord.

“I am Wind-Keeper, Ulysses,” the King said to me.

“I can loose the winds and let them rage over the sea.

“I can let them tear up the trees.

“Or I can bind them fast in this bag of leather, tied with the silver cord.

“Now, I have put into the bag the roaring north wind, the biting east wind, and the rainy south wind.

“The west wind only have I left free.

“For it is the west wind you need to guide you home.

“Take care of this bag. Do not let these winds loose; then you will have a happy homeward journey.”

All this he said to me, and we set sail.

On, on we went, till at last we could see our home in the distance.

We could even see the smoke rising from the houses.

We could see the people moving up
and down the shores.

Now, I thought, I can sleep.

We are so near, surely nothing will
happen to us.

So I stretched myself out to sleep,
for I was very tired.

Nine days and nights I had watched
lest any danger should come to us.

But when I fell asleep, my compan-
ions began to whisper.

“What is in this bag?” said one.

“It may be gold,” said another.

“Surely Ulysses guards it like gold.

“King Æolus gave it to him.

“He ought to share all his gifts with us.

“Let us open this bag while he sleeps.

“We will see what is in it.

“If it is gold we will have our share.

“He has no right to keep it from us.”

So they whispered among themselves.

Then one of them went to the bag and loosed the silver cord.

Out rushed the North Wind!

Out rushed the East Wind!

Out rushed the South Wind!

In one minute the tempest raged.

The waves leaped and the ocean
roared.

The terrible noise awoke me.

I ran to see what had happened.

Alas! alas! our fleet was already
scattered.

Half our ships were far out at sea.

There was no land anywhere in
sight.

We did not know where we were.

There was nothing we could do.

The winds were raging and we were
at their mercy.

All night long we drifted and tossed.

In the morning we were again before the brass-walled island.

We went again to the palace of Æolus.

I tried to tell him my story.

But he was angry.

“Depart! depart!” he thundered.

“And never again ask help of me!”

And so he drove us away from his island.

We went away heavy hearted.

Each man took his place at the oars.

We had no courage.

We knew not which way to go.



THE MAN EATERS.

For six days and six nights we
rowed.

At last we came upon a fair coast.

We landed and sent three men to
see what they might find.

They wandered until they came to a
road with cart wheels.

They followed the road for a long
time.

Then they came to a spring.

At the spring sat a beautiful girl.

“Who are you, fair lady?” said my
two men.

“I am the daughter of the king of
this island,” she said.

“There is our palace yonder.

“Go there; you will be welcome.”

So the men went to the palace.

The queen met them at the gateway
and welcomed them.

But they were afraid of her.

She was as tall as a tree.

She called with a loud voice to the
king.

The king came hurrying.

He was a giant, too.

As soon as he saw the men, he
picked one of them up in his hand.

Then he gave a roar of laughter and
swallowed him whole.

At this the other two men turned
and fled.

Breathless they reached the shore.

We dragged them on ship board.

“Away! away!” they gasped.

We rowed as fast as we could.

The giants were in pursuit.

They came thundering down to the
shore.



They tore up great rocks and trees
and threw them at us.

Crash! crash! went our vessels.

The harbor was strewn with our
wrecks.

Only my own vessel was saved.

The men tried to swim to my vessel
for safety.

But the giants pounced upon them
and pulled them to the shore.

Every one of them they swallowed.

Alas! eleven of my twelve vessels
now were lost, and the men devoured
by giants.

Then, before the giants saw us, we rowed around a cliff out of sight.

We heard the cries of our men, but we could not help them.

And so we hurried away.

Only one ship! All alone we were now!

But we were gratified that our lives had been spared.

Again we sailed out into the open sea.



CIRCE.

Soon night fell.

We anchored in a little cave.

For two days we rested here.

Hardly a man spoke, so sad were
we.

On the third day we roused our-
selves.

I climbed upon a high cliff to look
around me.

We were on a large island.

I could see blue smoke rising from
the dwellings farther inland.

The forests were thick upon
island.

We could not see the village.

We knew not the kind of people
that lived in the homes.

But first of all we needed food.

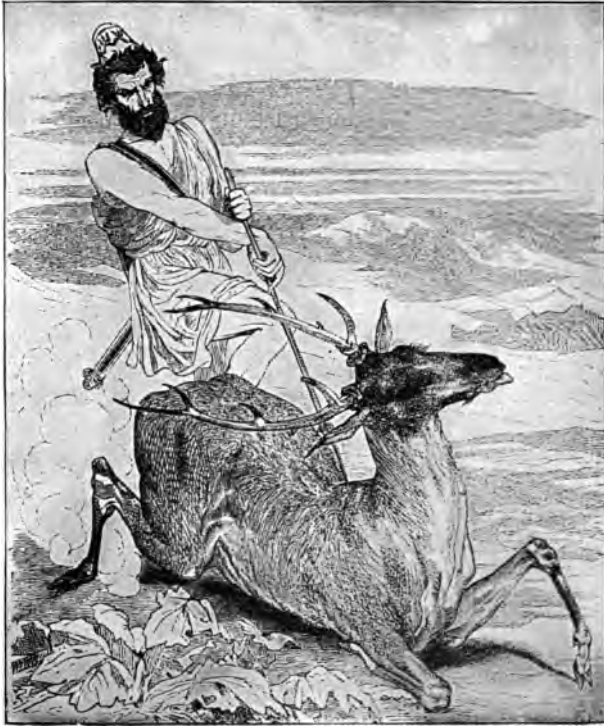
Just then a beautiful deer came
down to the water to drink.

It seemed cruel to harm so beautiful
a creature.

But our men were very hungry.

We must have food.

So I aimed my spear and the deer
fell.



I dragged him down to the vessel
and we feasted.

Story of Ulysses.

After our feast we felt more brave
“Now,” said I, “we must explore th
island.

“There is a village further inland; but
we do not know what people live there.

“They may be friends, or they may
be foes.”

Then we cast lots to see which
should go, for all were afraid.

We watched those, to whom the lots
fell, as they went.

We watched them till they entered
the dark forest.

Then we sat down and waited.

No one knew what their fate might be.

In the dark wood they found a glittering palace.

There were parks around it.

In the parks were many animals.

There were lions and tigers and soft-eyed stags.

They behaved very strangely for animals.

They were not afraid; but all seemed glad to see the men.

Even the lion and the tiger came and licked their hands.

“These are strange animals,” said the men.

Just then they heard sweet music.

It came from the palace.

Most wonderful music! Surely it bewitched the men; for they ran straight to the palace door.

The golden portals rolled back.

The beautiful Circe came forth.

“Welcome,” she said, “come and feast.”

The men went into the palace.

All but one, and he hid behind a great pillar.

He feared something was not right.

Circe was beautiful indeed; but he felt that she had some trap laid for them.

That was why he hid behind the pillar.

He wanted to watch and see what happened.

The others all followed Circe to the banquet hall.

Here the beautiful princess fed them with wine and honey.

Never was wine so sweet!

Never was honey so rich!



STREET AND THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPETS

Foolish men! they ate and drank,
and ate and drank, till they could eat
and drink no more.

Then a scowl came over Circe's face.

"Hence, hogs!" she said.

"Gluttons that you are! leave my
banquet hall."

Then she waved her hand. And
behold, every man was changed into a
bristling hog.

Down they went on their four feet.

How they grunted and squealed!

Then Circe threw them some acorns
and drove them away to their pens.

The one man who had hidden waited
all day long.

It was strange the men did not come
back.

He saw the drove of hogs, but knew
not who they were.

At last night came and he ran back
to the ship.

“I know not where my companions
are,” he said, “but surely we have seen
the witch, Circe.”

We have entered her palace.

And I believe she has bound our
companions with some spell.

“We will go and see,” I said.

“Let there be no delay.”

“O, pray do not go!” my men cried.

“Let us away from this cruel island!”

“Shame upon you!” I cried; “will you leave our comrades here to suffer?”

“Watch you here at the ship; I will go alone to the palace.

“Circe must give back these men.”

Then I strode away into the forest.

I reached the palace, and there stood the beautiful Circe.



STATUE OF HERMES (J. A. DELORME, BERLIN.)

She welcomed me as she had welcomed my companions.

She invited me into the palace.

Gladly I went.

But I did not fail to see the wicked light in her eye.

Then, too, I had a power as great as hers.

For when I entered the forest I met a handsome youth.

He wore a rich mantle, and he carried a golden wand.

There were wings upon his feet, and I knew he must be Hermes.

He brought a message to me.

“I know where you are going and why you go,” he said.

“You will rescue your companion but do not expect to find them in the palace.

“They are changed to hogs, and they live now in their pens outside.

“For Circe holds them under her spell.”

Then Hermes gathered a little flower.

“Take this,” he said.

“It, too, is magic.

“As long as you have this, Circe cannot harm you.

“When she invites you to her feast, squeeze out the juice of this upon the food.

“When she raises her wand, you raise your sword.

“Then Circe will be frightened.

“She will drop her wand and fall upon her knees.

“She will beg you to have pity on her.

“Tell her then to restore your companions to you.

“Hold her tightly till she promises.

“She will promise then; and she will keep her promise. You will succeed.”

So I entered the palace bravely.

First she poured wine for me.

Then she prepared soft meal and honey.

Into this I pressed the juice of the flower.

Circe did not see it.

Then she raised her wand to circle it around my head.

I sprang to my feet and raised my sword.

“Drop that wand!” I thundered.

Circe dropped the wand.

Her face grew pale with terror.

She fell upon her knees.

She begged for mercy.

“Not till you restore to me my comrades,” I said.

For a moment she tried to resist me.

But she knew it was useless.

Then she said, “It shall be as you say.”

She led me to the pens where my comrades dwelt.

At Circe’s command, out rushed the herd towards us.

She raised her wand, and behold, the
bristling hides fell off. The men stood
erect.



They were themselves again.
How grateful they were!
How they wept and thanked me!
Circe herself wept.
Then she bade us go to our ships

and bring all our company to her banquet hall.



She promised to do us no harm.

Indeed, I knew she could not harm
us.

So we all went to the banquet hall.

We sang and feasted and told the story of our wanderings.

For a whole year we stayed there, so happy were we.

Then we thought of our homes again.

One day I said to Circe, "Tomorrow we must go away. You have made us most comfortable here and we have been very happy. Now we must go away to our homes across the sea."

The tears came into Circe's eyes.

“It grieves me,” she said; “but it must be so.

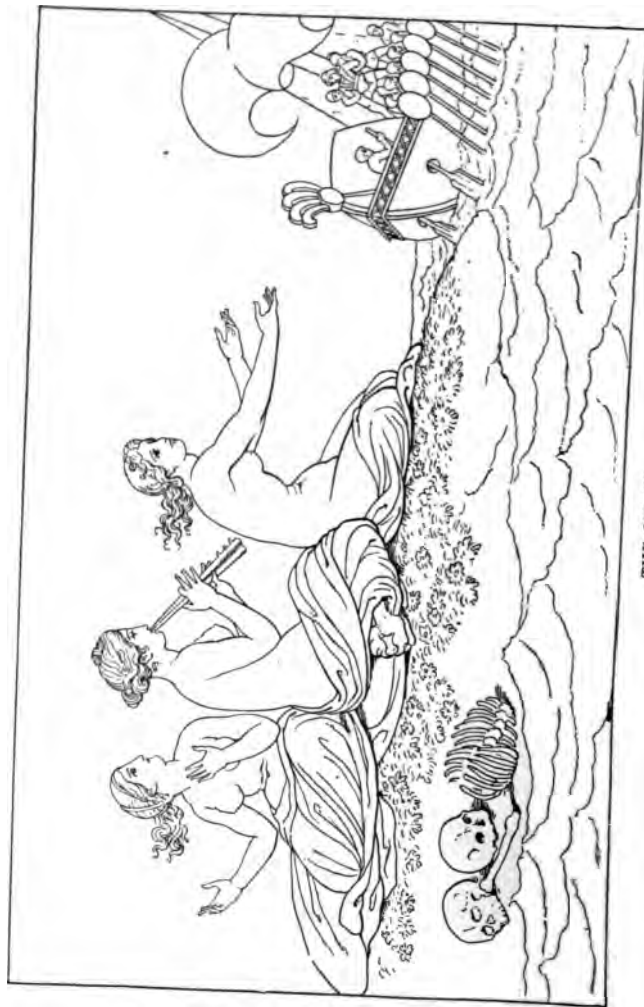
“But listen, and let me tell you.

“There is much sorrow ahead for you; I cannot help you, I cannot save you from it.

“But be brave; for at last you shall reach your home. Good bye.”

Then we left the island of Circe, and our vessel bounded across the waves.





THE SIRENS.

THE SIRENS.

For days the sea was calm and the sun was bright.

My companions forgot the warning of Circe.

“We shall soon reach home,” they said.

But I knew there were troubles still ahead for us.

One morning we came near the land of the Sirens.

Now, the Sirens have charm voices, and no one can hear their so and live.

So I said to my comrades, “You must seal your ears with wax, that you may not hear.

“For we are now drawing near the island of the Sirens.

“When their song reaches the ears of a man, his heart longs to go to the

“Even though he knows he will die, he will long to go.

“Therefore, comrades, when that music reaches my ears, I shall long to go.

“So watch me.

“You will know when I hear the music.

“You will know by the look in my eyes.

“But when I spring up to go, seize me and bind me with a rope.

“I shall beg you to let me go, but do not heed my words. Only bind me tighter.”

Then I filled the ears of my comrades with wax.

Each man took his place at the oars.

We rowed on, past the island of the Sirens.

Soon the music reached my ears.

Such soft music I never heard.

At once a longing came upon me to
see the Sirens.

I motioned my companions to row
towards the shore.

They saw by my face that the spell
was upon me.

They seized me by the arms.

I fought to get free.

But they held me all the stronger.

Then they bound me to the mast.

Shrill and clear the music came out
across the waters.

I beckoned to my comrades to untie me; but they only bound me the more tightly.

Then the Sirens sang of Troy.

They promised to tell me many things of Troy, if I would only come to them.

They promised to tell me the fate of many a lost friend.

“More, more wisdom, O Ulysses, we promise thee! More, more wisdom!”

How I longed to go!

I tried to free myself.

But my comrades rowed hard and fast, keeping their eyes on my face.

By and by, we were beyond the reach of the music.

I could not hear it now.

Then I grew quiet again.

I was beyond the reach of the charm.

My comrades saw that the danger was past.

Then they came and unbound me.

Joyfully I unsealed their ears, and we sailed on for many a day.

Again my companions began to say: "We shall soon reach home."

But, alas, I knew that many of them would never reach home.

There were dangers yet ahead.



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

We were coming near to another danger.

It was more terrible than the Sirens.

I knew that many of us must lose our lives.

Suddenly we heard a horrible noise.

It was deafening.

It shook the ship.

It roared and thundered.

The waters began to boil and
bubble.

They hissed and seethed.

They arose in a great mist.

Our hearts turned cold with fear.

The oars fell from the hands of the
men.

They trembled with terror.

The vessel rocked to and fro.

Then I spoke to my comrades.

I said, "O comrades, be brave.

"A great danger lies before us.

"Pilot, be careful. If you fail we
shall all be lost.

“We are coming now to a terrible cliff in the sea.



CHARYBDIS.

“And near by it is an awful whirlpool.

“If you steer too near the cliff, we shall be dashed against it.

“If you steer too near the whirlpool it will swallow up our ship.

“So have a care to both.”

But my men moved not. They were too frightened. They were as if turned to stone.

“O my comrades!” I cried, “take to your oars!

“Never did you so need oars as now.

“Only be brave, row hard, and we may yet pass in safety.

“Can you not trust your leader?

“Have I not always guided you aright?

“To your oars then, brave men!”

At last the crew took courage.

They seized their oars, and our vessel ploughed onward.

I did not tell them that a six-headed serpent dwelt in the cliff.

I did not tell them that she would try to seize us as we passed under the cliff.

I knew all this and waited.

I took my place in the prow, sword in hand.

I could already see the slippery sides of the horrible cliff.

There, high up, lay the serpent
Scylla.

Opposite, roared the whirlpool
Charybdis.

We were between the two.

“Closer to the rocks!” I cried,
we were falling into the whirl
waters.

The pilot heard and obeyed.

Then I heard a cry.

Out hissed the six-headed Scylla.

In one second, six of my comrades
were gone.

“On! on! on!” I shouted.

The men rowed with all their might.
We had but a minute.



SCYLLA.

When those six were swallowed,
Scylla would thrust out her six heads
again.

The men pulled. The sweat stood out upon their foreheads.

The pilot stood, his eyes staring straight before.

“Pull! Pull!” I cried, “one more pull!”

The men did pull. At length we were beyond the reach of the dreadful Scylla.

Then we heard her angry cries.

We heard the hoarse, angry howls of Charybdis.

But we were safe.

We pulled out into smooth waters.

We raised our sails, and the tired oarsmen sank down upon the decks,



TRINACRIA.

Soon we came upon the shore of the beautiful island Trinacria.

The shores were sunny, and we could see fruits and berries.

“O let us land here and rest,” my tired comrades begged.

“No, no,” I said, “there is danger there.

“Let us away. Trust to your lead and believe that I am right.”

“Much cause have we to trust the sneered one of my men.

“See what we have suffered, and how our men have been slain!”

Then I pitied them and said:

“Let us stop here then for one night only.

“But promise me one thing.

“Let come what will, slay not one of the fat cattle that dwell upon this island; promise me.”

Then all the men promised, and we went on shore.

The men stretched themselves on
the soft grass to sleep.

The cattle lowed. I sat watching.

A storm began to gather.

The face of the moon was hidden.

I could not waken my sleeping comrades,
for they so needed rest.

By and by, a tempest rose.

I knew we would have to stay on
the island.

Again I made the men promise they
would not slay the cattle.

For four weeks the strong wind
blew.

For four weeks the men kept their promise.

Now our provisions began to fail.

We were hungry. We had little food. There were no fish. Not even a bird flew past.

At last my comrades grew angry at me.

“Why do we starve here, when there are cattle?” they said.

“Why do we keep a foolish promise?”

“Let us slay one of these cattle, and so save ourselves from starving.”

“We will! We will!”

Before I could stay them, they had
slain one of the cattle.

This they cooked and ate.

Now, these cattle were the cattle of
the Sun; and already his anger was
heavy upon us.

He blazed forth in the sky.

His heat scorched us and dried the
grasses and the leaves.

Then we left the island and sped
away.

I was sad at heart.

I knew sorrow was in store for us.

Hardly were we out upon the sea
when the sky grew black.

The thunders rolled.

The lightnings flashed.

The waves rose mountain high.

The winds tore away the mast
the vessel.

Then the lightning struck the vessel
and split it from end to end.

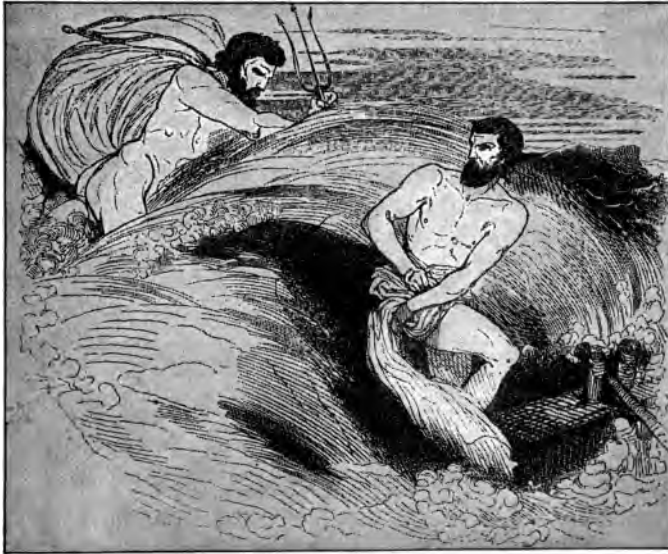
We clung to it for our lives.

I seized upon the floating mast.

I tied the helm to it and made a raft.

To this I clung during the terrible
storm.

Night fell. All night long I clung.
Then morning came.
All around me were my comrades.



One by one they were drowned;
and I alone was left.
On, on, my raft floated.

I could not guide it. I could only cling.

By and by, I heard a terrible booming.

Amid the booming I heard wild hissing.

I looked around me.

Black and blacker grew the night.

Then came a terrible flash of lightning.

It lit up the whole sea.

Then I knew whence came the hissing and the booming.

I was again close upon Scylla and Charybdis.

The tide, too, was coming in.

There was no hope for me.

I knew my raft must drift beneath
the cliff.

I should be sucked in by the whirl-
ing waters.

Crack! went my raft against the
cliff.

Then into the great cliff's cavern it
bounded upon the wave.

Had I been upon it, I should have
been carried into the very cave where
Scylla lay curled up in sleep.

As the raft rose upon the wave I
leaped.

I leaped and caught at some over-
hanging boughs.



There I clung, like a bat, through
all the weary hours.

At last the tide turned.

Then the waters poured out from
the cave, and my raft, too, drifted out.

I watched its coming.

When I saw it come, I dropped
into the seething waters.

It was my only chance.

I swam hard against the whirling
dam and reached my raft again.

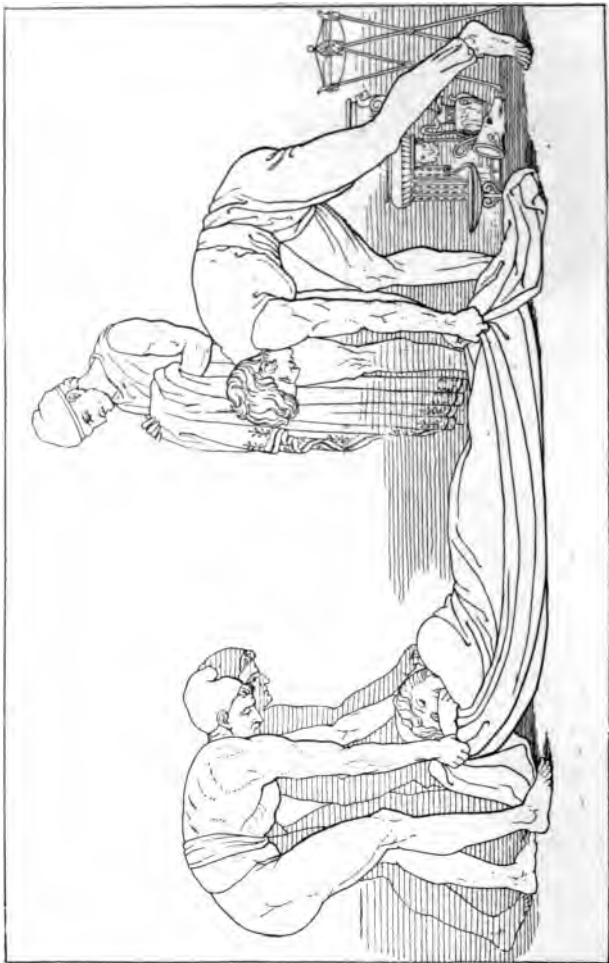
I could not steer it; so I again
drifted.

I was cold, and wet, and hungry.

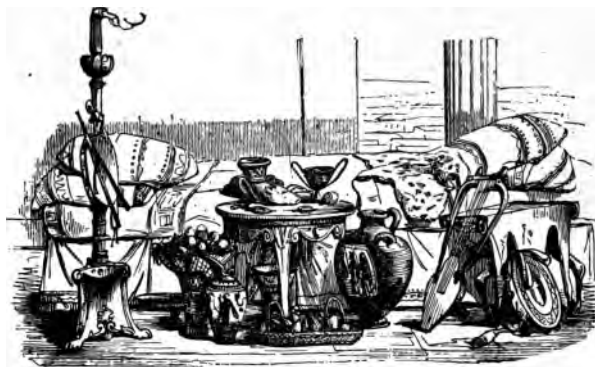
Still I clung, hoping somewhere to
find help.

For nine days and nine nights I
drifted, and at length reached your
shore, O King.

From that day until now, you know
my story.



"ULYSSES LAID ON HIS OWN COAST BY THE SAILORS."



ULYSSES REACHES HIS HOME.

“Wonderful guest!” said the king,
when Ulysses had finished his story.

“Now let us make our ship ready to
bear you to your home.

“We would be glad to keep you
with us, but we know you long to reach
your home.”

So then a ship was made ready.

It was loaded with rich gifts, and
Ulysses was placed upon the deck.

Then twenty brave youths took the
oars

Ulysses stretched himself upon the
soft rugs.

The ship sailed out to sea.

All night long Ulysses slept, for he
was very tired.

By and by, the shores of his own
home were again in sight.

The youths rowed faster and harder.
The keel grated on the sand.

Still Ulysses slept.

Then the rowers lifted him in their arms and carried him on shore.

They laid him upon a rug beneath a great tree.

Still he slept.

They went back to their ships.

They turned their faces toward their home.

Very merrily the ship sped on.

Already their home was in sight.

Then a strange thing happened.

Old Neptune raised his head above the waters.

He saw Ulysses asleep on his own shore.

“Who did this?” he thundered.

“I never meant to allow that man to reach his home!”

Then Neptune looked around him.

He saw the ship.

“You are the youths that did this while I slept!” he thundered.

Then he struck the waters and made the whole sea tremble.

The waves tossed and the wind roared.

Then he struck the ship.

And behold it turned to stone.

All day long the youths rowed
bravely.

But at night they knew they had not
moved.

The ship was rooted in the deep
sea.

The king looked out and saw it.

For days he watched it.

Then he said, "Alas, it will never
come.

"This is the fate that so long ago
was foretold of one of our brave ships.

"It has fallen on this one."

Then the old king was sad; but he knew the ship had reached the home of Ulysses, and that at last that hero had reached his people.

For that the king was glad.



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